THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 7, 1807.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 1.

UNDERSTANDING, Mr. Editor, that you have just opened a letter-box for the reception and communication of amusement and instruction to your numerous readers, give me leave to wish you success in the undertaking. The entertaining miscellany, with which you furnish us weekly, claims great merit, and I only lament that so little emulation is displayed in the *poetical* department. It should be remembered that in all *short* flights of fancy, there is a necessity for the utmost elegance of language and delicacy of idea to render poetry at all interesting; but more of this hereafter. The present attempt to procure a continuance of original communications, in the epistolary way, seems well calculated to ensure success; and I should hope that amongst the multitude of your readers, many may be found who (as the great dramatist expresses it)

> "Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

From such characters much may be expected, and let me exhort them to activity; for the torpor of indolence, when once permitted to predominate, eats like rust into the mainspring of genius, and soon lays waste the noblest edifices of education. The laxity of morals, so evident in the present day, calls loudly for correction, and I sincerely hope that the scourge of satire may no longer lie inactive. Are we true lovers of virtue, and can we calmly see her throne shaken to its very basis? Can we behold her vessel driven by the rude blast of infidelity towards the rocky shore of destruction, and refuse

to lend an aiding hand to guide the erring helm? Never, oh *never!*—*Many*, I hope, will rush forward to her relief, amongst whom it will ever be the pride of my soul to be found foremost. Arduous is the task, but noble the recompence. Some modern bard, speaking of virtue, says that

"When we see
From far the sweet divinity:
Her distant radiance we admire,
But think the tedious road may tire:
'Tis true she is with roses crown'd,
Yet intervening thorns are found;
At length, determined to pursue
The object that enchants our view,
With noble resolution arm'd,
By hope inspired, by glory charm'd,
Despising vice—contemning rest,
We venture, persevere, are *blest*."

Promising to drop a longer letter into your box very shortly,
I am, Mr. Editor,
Your's, very devotedly,
X. EUGENIO.

Mr. Editur,

This comth hopping from the most humblest of your zarvants. You must knaw, Zar, that I be blest with a larned zun! ay, and a prodidgy a be—hem writeth pottery to destraxion, and reedth Shackspir and sich outlandish things as eazy as zome folk saith their prayrs—hem makth nort of making a crockstick on a jung maiden's name befor brexfast, and answerth all your clever shrades and rebussas into the bargen. Taalking of rebussas remindth me of the fine speetch hem spok last Veasten Munday, out of the playrmons book, all about musick; and a zaid that thick feller that had no musick in hees soul was vit for treazon, villanis, and spoils; and that his infections was dark as a *rebus*; now, Mr. Editur, I hop no ofence, but ef as how the playrmon meant the rebussas in your Hentertainer, he must ha thoft of terrible darkness shore nuff; for tho' I zayt mysel, I be despart cute chap at finding out sich things, but nevertheless I be all in the *dark* with most of your rebussas. Blessy, (zaith my zin to me) blessy vather they be all a made of *proper names* out o the tail of the dixnary; but Jackey must be all out of his reckning, with his wisdoom, for to my thinking, the must be but a sorry zort of *proper* names, that no body can understand without a dixnary; I *do* kip a dixnary, for sartin, on purpes to larn to spill, but thats more than moast volks doth, and I should like to know how *them*

vindth

vindth out your *proper names!*—Now, Mr. Editur, the cause and compass of this leter is for to ax wether it be best to leave Jacky go up to Lunnun to be a playrmon, or wether I should kip en hom upon the farm; the lad be cruel apty, for sartin, in rorytory, for besides what hem speakth about musick, a can spoutify Salamanders Feast, all about Philips warlike zun, and Bacchis fear and jung; and then when a comth to thick line about "Revenge—revenge, Timothy crieth," oh bless ma how a doth rant and rave; tha boy be for all the world like a mad bull; but I be mightily avraid Jacky be too wise to live long.

Now zince I've taken upon me to dress you, Mr. Editur, I beg dew commission to ax another question: and that is, wether our passon hath a right to taalk to we poor igrant volks in Latten and Greek out of the polepit, so that our pour zouls, for what we can larn from un, may go into burglary, (as the Roman Cathlicks saith). The squire's man and I be fifteenth couzens, and thof heth ben to Lunnun, he saith the passon taalkth Harabick, for what he knoth. He telth us about the cardnal virtees and sich like things, and thof Ive read the single saalter twenty times, I can't vind a zingle word of thick story he taalkth about.

My Deborah desirth her zarvice, and my zin saith as how hee'th allmost made a canorum, or a hundrum, or a cunnundrum, or somewhat of that way, to puzle your readers—a be despart clevar, no dout.

Zo no more at presant from your humble zervant
to command,
GILES GABY.

P. S. When I purswade our Jacky not to go to Lunnun, hem tellth me that "All the wurld's a stag," and zo on; but I won't zay blacks my eye to un, till I hear from you, because I won't be botherd out of my zeven zenzes with his parlevou gibberish.

X.

THE REVENGE.

(Concluded from Page 685.)

IT was in the month of May, the usual time of setting out for their beautiful country-house on the Elbe, when Baron Distelberg was informed, that a decisive answer could not be immediately given; but his company would be very acceptable in the country, if it accorded with his inclinations. From this invitation, it was natural to conclude, that the happy decision which was to crown his wishes was more than half made.

He therefore followed her with willingness to her delightful residence.

O what blissful days and weeks did he pass by Amelia's side! With increasing confidence, her heart expanded and displayed its beauties in the most attractive forms. He now clearly saw she was no simpleton, and that the conceit about nobility, if it actually clung to her as a spunge plant to a young tree,—was only engendered and nurtered by Lady Faltenwackel. He daily discovered in her new perfections, talents, amiabilities, and what in his eyes lent the highest charms to the whole, was the conviction, that daily increased, that Amelia loved him. Yet what should have afforded him confidence, now produced timidity. The crust, which levity had collected round his heart, burst in the sunshine of love, who maintained, in him also, his ancient right of ennobling whatever he touched. Distil now repented what he had undertaken, became silent and melancholy, and no longer ventured to express his sentiments.

Amelia noticed the change, but interpreted it after the manner of girls—to her advantage. She conceived that the baron's uneasiness originated in the delay of the decisive answer, and Lady Hedwiga strenghtened her in this belief. She had now sufficiently scrutinized his character, and found him cheerful, obliging, and even-tempered. The latter qualification ranked the highest in her mind, as it respected the matrimonial state: for woe to that man and wife, who resemble the yellow rain-flower *(calendula pluvialis)* which only unfolds its leaves in sunshine, and closes them with the passing of every little cloud! She had put his principles to every sort of test, and often drew declarations from him by surprise, for which he could not possibly have been prepared. In every thing she discovered nobleness of heart, with a tincture of levity. For this foible love readily found an apology: for she loved him with her whole heart.

They were sitting one evening on a green turf when Amelia, in a sportive humour, threw a jessamine at her pensive lover, without exciting more than a sorrowful smile. Behold, a messenger was coming through the garden gate, who brought her a letter from her father. The good old man informed her, that he had received good tidings of Baron Distilberg. His correspondent, on whom he could rely, had written to him expressly, that although he was not acquainted with any particulars of the baron's family, yet the Vienna house by whom he had been recommended was one of the most respectable. In addition to which, the conduct of the young man, during his stay in Hamburgh, was such as fully to corroborate the testimony of the letters which he produced. "Under these circumstances, my dear daughter;" added her papa, Willmuth, good naturedly,

"in

"in God's name follow your own inclinations, whatever they may be."

Amelia's eye glistened with a tear of joy as she read the letter. The gentle agitation of the paper betrayed the tremor of her hand. When she had finished reading, she fixed her eye steadily on her lover, and rising up, as if seized with a sudden resolution, stepped up to him as he lay on the grass; and offering him her hand with mild gravity, said, in a firm yet affecting tone, "Distelberg, you love me, and I return your affection most cordially. My father leaves me my free choice—here is my hand."

Overwhelmed with confusion, the youth sunk down at the feet of this beautiful girl. The heavenly eye moistened with a tear—the throbbing bosom that harmonized with the feelings of the heart—the snow white trembling hand stretched out towards him—and last of all, those cheering words that fell from her sweet lips—intoxicated his senses. He pressed her hand with convulsive affection to his mouth, his eyes, and his heart, and burst into tears; but as he was on the point of throwing his arms round Amelia, who readily met his embrace, he started suddenly back, pushed her rather rudely from him, sighed, sobbed, and rushed from her presence. The astonished Amelia looked after him, then turned her anxiously enquiring eyes to Lady Hedwiga. "It is the intoxication of his joy," said she; "for a nobleman, to be sure, a little too vehement; but leave him to himself for a while, it will soon subside."

Amelia shook her head with painful forebodings. She stole slowly home with down-cast eyes. The cloth was laid for supper, and the victuals on the table; but no baron appeared. A servant went to call him; he begged to be excused. Amelia was manifestly agitated, and Lady Hedwiga thought this was not manners—by which she understood, noble manners.

Amelia did not touch a morsel, and retired very soon to her chamber; but not to rest. With the rising sun she hastened into the park, and mixed tears of grievous apprehension with the dew of Heaven. "What is this?—What can it signify?" she would ask a hundred times without giving herself an answer. She anxiously waited for the hour of breakfast, which was usually taken in company. She was seated a quarter of an hour earlier than usual in the summer-house, at the tea table, and tried to put on a tranquil air at every opening of the door. Lady Hedwiga had also taken her seat by her for some time; had settled her morning cough; was looking after her brown mocca drink, and impatiently straining it again and again through a bag.

"Where can the baron be," cried she, with an air of vexation; "he never used to be the last. Christian, go and call him."

The

The servant went. Amelia did not say a word, but her bosom heaved with many a sigh. The command to call the baron had already floated twenty times upon her lips; but was repressed by an inexplicable sentiment of shame. She now expected her whimsical lover every moment. In order not to betray the tumult of her bosom, she hastily poured out the tea, spilt half, and was lifting the cup tremblingly to her lips, as she heard the sound of footsteps.

It was only Christian, who rushed in with a letter in her hand, crying out, "The baron is gone, and has left behind him this letter for Miss Amelia." Amelia turned pale. Lady Faltenwackel beckoned to the servant to go out. Amelia had not power to break open the letter; she delivered it to her instructress with a silent petition for her to read it, which Lady Hedwiga did, as follows:

"I dare not be silent any longer. I have deceived you. Flugwild has used my levity as an instrument of his revenge. I am no baron; I am a poor shoemaker's son."—

Here Lady Hedwiga let the paper drop out of her hand in a half swoon. Amelia, on the contrary, who was pale and lifeless on hearing the first lines, appeared suddenly to find her strength again; she hastily snatched up the letter, and read on—

"A connection with me was designed to render you an object of derision. He represented you to me as a simpleton, and his fraud as a merited chastisement. I, a fool, consented! Instead of a simpleton, I have found an angel! I have loved you Amelia—I do still love you beyond expression! Do not curse me. I am not a bad man. Alas! I was scarcely conscious that I was beginning a piece of villainy—but I cannot complete it. Do not curse me. I am amply punished: for I love you to distraction. You shall never see me again—never hear another word from the unfortunate Distel."

The good Faltenwackel lifted up her hands and eyes to Heaven, and sat jogging her foot. "That I shall never survive!" cried she, one time after another. Amelia, on the contrary, appeared quite willing to survive it. Her hand, indeed, had sunk with the letter into her lap, and her eyes were stedfastly fixed on her knee; but the bosom heaved with less perturbation; and now and then a smile seemed to brighten her pale face. In short, she appeared to have expected a much greater misfortune. But as she sat immoveable for half an hour, and Lady Hedwiga's "that I shall never survive," did not draw a single syllable from her: the latter, at length, grew uneasy about the forlorn bride, and tottering forth, hastened for a smelling bottle.

"No,

" No, I thank you," cried Amelia, gently putting away the bottle, " I am not ill; but let the horses be put to the light chaise; I must instantly go to town."

All the hows?—whats?—whys? of the anxious governess remained unanswered. Amelia persisted in her resolution, without explaining herself. Whilst they were hastening to execute her commands, she went herself again into Distel's room, where she found, to her astonishment, his servant busied with packing up.

" What, Philip, are you here still?"

" Oh yes, Madam," replied the honest fellow, with tears in his eyes, " I have lost a good master."

" Why did you not attend him?"

" He expressly forbade it."

" Where is your master gone?"

" That I do not know."

" Has he taken nothing with him?"

" Nothing at all. I was to take all his things to Mr. Flugwild, in town, together with this note, which you may read: for he has not taken the trouble to seal it."

Amelia read, " You would have led me to commit an act of roguery; but you mistook the person. What I have of your's I send you back. Poorer than when I came to you, I go again into the world. Do not enquire after me, and should any accident bring us together, shun me: for although I despise you, yet anger might get the mastery of me at the sight of you, and I might stamp the name of Amelia in blood on your paltry forehead."

With a tear in her eye, she returned the note; " Fulfil your master's command," said she, with good-natured melancholy, " and then come back to to me. I will try to supply his loss to you."

" Alas! my good dear miss," sighed the man, " he was so good a master!—and if you knew what he suffered this night —and if you had seen how he stole out of the house, more dead than alive, an hour ago—"

" Enough," returned Amelia, and slipped away to conceal her emotion. The carriage was at the door; she threw herself in with Lady Hedwiga, and in less than three hours they reached the town. The old lady had tried more than an hundred times by the way to get a word from Amelia: and thinking her silence arose from despair, she consoled herself with abusing the horrible man who had known how to imitate noble manners in so delusive a manner; concluding with the burden of her song, " That I shall never survive!" Poor Faltenwackel! and yet even worse things were in preparation for thee: for no sooner had Amelia jumped out of the carriage than she threw herself at her father's feet, and cried out with ardent enthusiasm—

" He loves me in reality: for he could not deceive me. It was in his power to possess me. He loves; he wished to gain me by no fraud; he had the resolution to resign me! Now, I love him more than ever—never will I give my hand to another."

Peter Willmuth was a good old man, who had not yet learnt to refuse his dear and only daughter any thing she asked. The conceit of marrying a nobleman, was her's, and not his,—it was the same, nay, from above mentioned causes, preferable to him, that she should marry a man in his rank of life. Distel had, moreover, pleased him: for the young man had discovered knowledge, which in time, might make him a clever tradesman.

" I do not know, my dear Amelia," said he, very composedly, " why you are kneeling. Tell me, my dear, why do you kneel? Rise and marry him—that is to say, as soon as you can find him."

Amelia jumped up, and hung on his neck.

" A shoemaker's son!" cried Lady Hedwiga shuddering.

" My grandfather was an honest taylor," said Peter Willmuth, going to the counting-house, and leaving the rest to Amelia, who instantly managed matters to her own liking. She sent the faithful Philip after her lover, who, having traced his steps, found him six miles from their country seat, in B——, a garrison town, where he was just going to enlist. He led the bewildered, enraptured fugitive, back to Amelia's feet. In a few days they were the happiest of couples, and so continued for a number of years. Flugwild received an invitation-card to the wedding, which he tore in pieces with his teeth. Lady Hedwiga was for twenty years a witness to the purest domestic felicity, and sighed every evening—

" *That I shall never survive!*"

The Speech of S. F. Milford, Esq. the Chairman of the Committee of Magistrates appointed to superintend the Erection of a Bridewell, adjoining the Devon County Gaol, in Exeter, delivered on the 22d of August, 1807, when the Foundation Stone of the Building was laid.

MY FRIENDS AND FELLOW MAGISTRATES,

MOST of us have had too much experience of the world to flatter ourselves with the expectation of deriving any high degree of happiness from it. As far as my sphere of experience and observation has extended, it appears to me, that the only pure and permanent source of enjoyment on earth

arises from the active and vigorous employment of those talents, with which providence may have entrusted us, in the pursuit of some laudable object, and in accomplishing all the good within the reach of our abilities. One of the most illustrious men, and, probably, the most enlighened moralist, amongst the ancients, says, that all virtue consists in action, and, I am inclined to add, almost all happiness. In this point of view, I know not of any object more calculated to interest the best feelings of our hearts, and to call forth every energy we may possess, both as magistrates and as men, than the contemplation of the increasing profaneness and profligacy, and the consequent misery of the lower orders of the people. At no very distant period there were frequently in the bridewell of this county not more than six or seven prisoners of every description, and sometimes there were not any. Of late we have seen upwards of a hundred there together. What a melancholy and dreadful change is here! and to what serious reflections is it not calculated to give rise in every thoughtful mind? For investigating the cause this is not the place, but the fact is incontrovertible. Happily, it has been ascertained, that much may be effected towards counteracting this portentous state of society by bringing into operation and activity those remedies which wise and good men have recently pointed out and strongly recommended, after the most laborious investigation and profound reflection.

To have continued to complain of the idleness and perverseness of our apprentices, of the dishonesty of our servants, and of the general dissoluteness of the inferior classes of mankind, would have been the grossest inconsistency, had we any longer desisted from adopting those means for arresting and diminishing the evil, which have proved in other places so eminently successful. This, fortunately, will soon cease to be our case. For owing to our united exertions, made under these impressions, countenanced and supported as we have been by the wise and liberal policy of the rest of our magistrates, we are this day enabled to meet together to lay the foundation stone of a new house of correction for this extensive and populous county, and to direct the construction of a hospital, for the common use of the prisoners in our gaol, and of such as may be confined in this intended prison.

It will be built after the plan which I now hold in my hand, and, in its construction, undeviating attention will be paid to the grand principle of adaptation to employment, to separation of classes of offenders, and also to individual separation. Men will be kept apart from women, idle apprentices and servants from the profligant vagrant, those sentenced to imprisonment with labour from those without, and the convicted offender from the unconvicted and possibly innocent prisoner. There

is reason, therefore, humbly to hope, that this building will contribute to the promotion of the best interests of society long after we shall have ceased to have any concern in the affairs of this nether world for ever. We know that formerly prisoners were promiscuously confined in dungeons, with little regard to their possible innocence or ascertained guilt, to their health or to their lives, and much less to their reformation and moral improvement. In those times the most callous insensibility, as well as the grossest impolicy, universally prevailed in these respects. Thanks to the gradually increasing influence of the benign spirit of our holy religion, and to the progressive advances of humanizing philosophy throughout the educated and enlightened classes of society, that night of dark ignorance has in a considerable degree disappeared from this happy island.

All houses of correction should be calculated rather for reform than punishment. But I feel much regret in stating, that I have observed some of our bridewells still in existence (which were originally and solely designed for the correction of lighter offences, and for the prevention of greater crimes) that are now disgraceful to the counties to which they belong, and merely hot-beds for the germes of vice to unfold themselves in, and nurseries for our gaols. Insomuch that an invaluable correspondent of mine, who was lately sheriff of an inland county, and who has devoted thirty-five years of his life to the laborious investigation of these subjects in different parts of the world, feelingly laments, in his last letter to me, how frequently he recognizes in our gaols those faces with which he first became acquainted in our bridewells. This, I apprehend, results in a great degree from their defective construction, from the promiscuous association of the different classes of prisoners, but above all from a want of employment for them; and as they are sometimes confined for two years, at the end of that period it is almost always too obvious that habits of industry being once lost are not easily regained. Consequently vagrancy, profligacy, and rapine ensue.

When the structure which we have now in contemplation shall be erected, according to the plan which has been adopted, after the most extensive enquiries and patient investigation, I trust it will be looked upon as a monument of the wisdom and humanity of the county of Devon; and under the blessing of divine providence, that it will eventually prove a school of reform, in which habits of labour and industry will be maintained in those who possess them, and generated where they do not exist; and in which also the health will be preserved, the vices corrected, and the morals improved, of those whom the laws of their country may send hither. In that case it will not be too much to expect, that the county will soon experience a decrease

crease of crimes as well as of expences. But this will in a great degree depend on a willing surrender of a portion of the time and attention of the magistrates in general, to the superintendance of the employment of the prisoners, and of the regulations and discipline of the house. Without that, I shall have done a very imperfect good in bringing forward, and the rest of the magistrates in assenting to, the measure we are this day carrying into execution. From the known character of our enlightened and respectable magistracy, there is every thing to hope, there is nothing to fear.

At all events, my fellow labourers in the great cause of humanity, you of the committee will ever have the genuine pleasure of considering, that thus far, at least, you have disinterestedly and faithfully discharged your duty to the public. As to myself individually, I shall never regret the time and attention I have bestowed and may still bestow on this object, honoured and abundantly compensated as I have been by the unanimous and repeated approbation, and also by the thanks of my fellow magistrates assembled at their quarter sessions. Moreover it will ever be to me a copious source of heart-felt satisfaction to reflect, that if the spirits of great and good men departed, who by their virtues ennobled their species, have now any consciousness of what is passing in this sublunary state, the spirit of a Howard has been looking down with mild complacency and smiles of approbation on our comparatively trivial and humble labours, in that field of charity and mercy, in which he reaped for himself unfading honours in this world, and eternal bliss in an infinitely better.

Lastly, my friends, may the divine Architect of the Universe, without whose concurrence all human efforts are fruitless and vain, deign to favour this intended building with his blessing, and under the divine auspices of his providence, may all the benevolent and important purposes which the promoters of this undertaking have so much at heart, be finally and felicitously accomplished!

Proceedings of the Governors of the Devon and Exeter Hospital, on the 25th of August, 1807, when they met to consider of the Propriety of authorising the Medical Gentlemen of that noble Institution to Vaccinate any poor Person, gratis, at the said Hospital.

MR. S. F. MILFORD, the vice-president, having opened the business, entered into some interesting observations on the great blessings which had accrued to society from the discovery of vaccination; he said, that although the variolous

inoculation had rendered the small-pox considerably milder than when taken in the natural way, yet that it was advantageous to a comparatively small number of individuals, as it had been ascertained that many more died of that disease since the introduction of inoculation than before; as, by means of the pestiferous lancet, the murderous venom was still kept alive, and thus contagion and mortality were propagated through the land. At Worcester, and several other places, the medical professors had unanimously resolved to practise no other inoculation than that for the cow-pox; and he was happy to add, that the medical gentlemen of this institution had very handsomely and cordially entered into the measure now proposed, and agreed to do every thing in their power to promote its success. That some objections having been made on a former occasion, on account of the additional expence which would accrue to the hospital from the adoption of this plan, he was confident that it would be so inconsiderable, that he would most willingly defray the whole of it himself; and this, from the fullest conviction that it would be so trifling as not to deserve notice. He therefore strongly recommended the resolution "that any poor person might, in future, be vaccinated in this hospital, *gratis*."

The Rev. Jonas Dennis seconded the motion; he stated, to the honour of this county, that the first discovery of vaccination was made about forty years ago, by a Mr. Bragge, of Axminster, who ascertained that the cow-pox was not only a preventive of the small-pox, but also that it might be communicated by means of inoculation. He did not, however, mean by this to detract from the merit of Dr. Jenner, since he had been the happy instrument of extending its practice, but it proved that vaccination was not so novel as some had imagined, yet as nothing was more difficult to remove than the prejudices of the lower order of society, when they found that this practice had been sanctioned by so large a number of governors as were now present, highly respected both as men of understanding and of independence, he doubted not but they would most willingly acquiesce in the measure proposed.

A few words more passed as to some trivial regulations, which, however, were referred to the committee, and the resolution then passed with scarcely a dissenting voice. The general court being dissolved, the governors walked from the hospital in procession to the cathedral, where a most excellent sermon was preached on the occasion by the Rev. Archdeacon Short. Service being ended, the gentlemen proceeded to the Hotel, where an elegant dinner was provided, thus concluding the day with harmony and conviviality.

LONDON

LONDON FASHIONS *for* SEPTEMBER,

As described and represented by Prints in the twenty-first Number of La Belle Assemblee, or, Bell's Court and Fashionable Magazine, for the present month.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.

EVENING DRESS.

A Round train dress of India muslin, embroidered in a fancy border of needle-work at the feet. The stock bosom, ornamented with white beads. A full Spanish short sleeve, over a plain one of white satin. A scolloped lace tucker, placed straight round the bosom. Circassian scarf of gold, chambrey, or lace, crossing the back, and gathered in front of the left shoulder into an emerald brooch, reaching to the feet, finished with a gold tassel, and occasionally formed into drapery by the attitude of the right hand. The hair tastefully disposed in bands and curls; and a small ostrich feather, crossing the crown towards the right side, is fastened to the hair with an emerald stud. Ear-rings, necklace, and bracelets of pearl, with emerald clasps. White kid gloves and shoes.

No. 2.

EVENING WALKING DRESS.

A plain round gown of jaconot muslin, a walking length, simply ornamented with rows of open-hems round the bottom. A plain square bosom sitting close to the form, laced up the front, and trimmed at the edge with twisted muslin. A large straw hat of the gipsy form, tied across the crown with a silk handkerchief. Deep vandyke stock, of lace or needle-work. A black lace or Chinese shawl, thrown in irregular negligence over the shoulders. Straw-coloured kid gloves and shoes. White sarsnet parasol, deeply fringed, and painted in historical devices.

No. 3.

A WALKING DRESS.

A plain round robe of the finest French cambric. A capuchin cloak of muslin or coloured sarsnet, edged in vandyke, sitting close round the throat, with a falling collar, and confined in the centre with a ribband or brooch. A village hat, of straw or chip, with silk crown, and ribband to correspond with the cloak. Shoes of brown kid; gloves York tan; and parasol of clouded sarsnet,

No.

No. 4.

EVENING DRESS.

A round train gown of white sarsnet, with square back, wrap front, and short full sleeve; ornamented round the bottom, bosom and sleeves with a rich chenille ribband of shaded green. A short sash tied behind with shaded chenille ends. The Parisian head-dress, composed of the hair, formed in braids and curls, blended with bands of green and gold foil. The pear ear-rings of gold and pearl. An imperial necklace of linked gold; elastic bracciets of the same, with emerald studs. Shoes white satin; gloves French kid; and fan of white crape, painted in a border of the yellow jessamine.

ACCOUNT *of the late* CARDINAL YORK.

THE following particulars of a character whose family once made so conspicuous a figure in this country, may afford some gratification to our readers:—

Henry Benedict Maria Clemens, second son of James Stuart, known by the name of the "pretender," and of Maria Clementina Sobieski, was born at Rome, the 26th of March, 1725, where he almost constantly resided 'till towards the close of 1745, when he went to France, to put himself at the head of 15,000 men, assembled in and about Dunkirk, under the command of the duke of Richelieu, by order of Lewis XV. With this army Henry was to have landed in England, in support of his brother Charles. But though preparations were made for embarking these troops, though one part did actually embark, not a single transport left Dunkirk Road: and Henry receiving intelligence of the issue of the battle of Culloden, returned to Rome, where, much to the displeasure of his brother, and the friends of his family, he took orders, and, in 1747, was made cardinal, by Pope Benedict XIV. and afterwards bishop of Frascati, and chancellor of the church of St. Peter.

From that time Cardinal York, the name he assumed on his promotion, devoted himself to the functions of his ministry, and seemed to have laid aside all worldly views 'till his father's death, in 1788, when he had medals struck, bearing on their face his head, with "Henricus Nonus, Angliæ Rex;" on the reverse, a city, with "Gratia Dei, sed non voluntate hominum." If we are not misinformed, the king has one of these medals.

Cardinal York had two rich livings in France, the abbies of Anchin and St. Amand, and a considerable pension from the court of Spain, all of which he lost by the revolution. In order

der to assist Pope Pius VI. in making up the sum required by Bonaparte in 1796, the cardinal disposed of all the family jewels, and, among others, of a ruby, the largest and most perfect known, valued at 50,000l. He thus deprived himself of the last means of an independent subsistence, and was reduced to great distress, on the expulsion of Pius VI. and his court from Rome. Cardinal Borgia, who had been acquainted with Sir John Hippesley Coxe, in Italy, represented to him, by letter, Cardinal York's case. Sir John conveyed this letter to Mr. Stuart, so well known by his letters to Lord Mansfield (on the Douglas cause) and his genealogical history of the Stuart family. Mr. Stuart drew up a memorial, which Mr. Dundas (now Lord Melville) presented to his majesty, who granted immediately to Cardinal York a yearly pension of 4000l. Thus ended, at the age of 82 years and some months, the last, in a direct line, of the royal house of Stuart.

Cardinal York had some claim, it seems, on the generosity of this country. An act of parliament, still unrepealed, had settled on James the Second's queen, Mary of Este, the cardinal's grandmother, a jointure of 50,000l. While the treaty of Ryswick was depending, it was strongly contended, on the part of the French negociators, in the name of that princess, that her husband having been deprived by an act of the English legislature, of all his right as king, and being consequently, as king, dead in law, she was as much entitled to her dowry, from the day that event took place, as if her husband had been naturally dead. The English negociators considered the point as too delicate for their interference, and desired it might be referred to King William personally. The proposal was assented to, and Marshal Boufflers had an interview with William on the subject. William did not deny the justice of the claim, and on Boufflers expressing a wish that the concession of the jointure might be confirmed by at least a secret article of the treaty, William said, "What! marshal, will not my word satisfy you?" Boufflers bowed and parted, in the full persuasion that he had obtained a sufficient security. But on the first demand of payment, William, it is said, insisted that the concession had been made upon a condition which had not been performed, while Boufflers maintained the concession to have been unconditional.

James II. died in 1701, his widow in 1718. No attempt was made by her heirs at law to recover the arrears of the jointure 'till 1786, when Charles, the eldest of her grandsons, though he would not act himself, empowered his natural daughter, by Miss Walkinshaw, to act in his name for that purpose. A case was made out, stating the nature and grounds of claim. Louis XVI. by a petition, which Vergennes presented, was entreated to recommend it through his ambassador at London, to

the attention of the king of Great Britain. Louis answered, "C'est une famille malheureuse, dont je ne veux plus entendre parler."—Little thought the king how soon he and almost every branch of the Bourbon family were to be in a situation no less unfortunate. On the failure of this attempt, another was made, in a different way, to bring the claim before the king. The late earl of Pembroke, while at Florence, where Charles and his daughter resided for some time, was in the habit of visiting them, and sometimes dined with him. The daughter, on the earl's leaving Florence, begged he would use what interest he might have with Mr. Pitt, in behalf of her father's claim. The earl politely offered to do all in his power; as for interest with Mr. Pitt, he said, he had none, nor a claim to any, but that he would try what could be done by some of his acquaintance, who might have interest with him. Accordingly, on his arrival in Paris, he applied to the late duke of Dorset, then our ambassador at the court of Versailles, who gave the lady's agent a letter of introduction to Mr. Pitt. Carryll, the lady's agent, on his arrival in London, with Mr. Pitt's permission, waited on him. But scarcely had he opened the subject by saying, that whatever right there might be, and however well founded, to the whole arrears, a very moderate part would be gratefully accepted; when Mr. Pitt cut him short, declaring it was a thing not to be mentioned to the king. Carryll then communicated the nature and grounds of the claim to counsel, who advised him to bring the matter before the king's bench, offering, on condition of receiving a certain proportion of the sum recovered, to carry on the law suit at their own risk and expence, in full confidence that the decision would be favourable, from the circumstance that the act of parliament, settling the jointure, had assigned security for its payment royal demesnes of a yearly income more than equal to the amount. But neither Charles nor Henry (for the proposal was made to each separately) would agree to it.

St. OLAVE JEWRY.

IT was in this parish, in the house of Robert Large, mayor of London, in 1438, that William Caxton, the celebrated printer, served his apprenticeship as a mercer. His master, in the following year, left him thirty-four marks, as a testimonial of his fidelity. When the art of printing was discovered on the continent, Caxton made himself an early master of it, and introduced it into England about 1474. He received particular encouragement from Islip, the abbot of Westminster, who was in those days a great patron of literary merit, and printed most of his books within the precincts of the monastery.

EFFECTS *of* IRONY *and* SARCASMS.

IRONY and sarcastic jeers have no force in themselves. If aimed at a man of firm mind, they evaporate; but if, indeed, they are levelled at low and mean spirits, they not only grieve, but sometimes kill. For instance, Socrates, when satyrised and ridiculed on the stage, laughed at it; but Poliager hung himself. It is, however, extremely mean to distress the feelings of others, on account of harmless oddities; vice is fair game; but few persons are free from some peculiarity or other.

AN ANECDOTE.

JAMES the First, king of England, acquired the name of *rex pacificus* from his great anxiety to keep the nation from going to war: however, this pacific disposition, which he so much gloried in as to notice it in his speeches in parliament, did not screen him from obloquy. His weak effort to recover the Palatinate, which had been wrested from his son-in-law, who was elected king of Bohemia, was ridiculed on the stage in Flanders: a messenger was represented coming in haste, in a comedy, bringing news that the palatine was like to have a formidable army on foot shortly; for the king of Denmark would furnish him with a hundred thousand pickled herrings, the Hollanders with a hundred thousand butter-boxes, and England with a hundred thousand ambassadors. And in pictures, in one place, the king was represented with a scabbard without a sword; in another with a sword, which no one could pull out, though divers stood pulling at it: at Brussels they painted him with his pockets hanging out, and not a penny in them, nor in his purse, which was turned inside out. In Antwerp they pictured the queen of Bohemia like a poor beggar, with her hair hanging about her ears, and her child at her back, with the king her father carrying the cradle after her; and every one of these pictures had several mottos expressing their malice.

"Such scorns and contempts (says Wilson, King James's historian,) were put upon his majesty, and in him upon the whole nation."

A QUESTION, *by Algebraicus.*

A Man, his wife, and child's age, make up 47 years; the rectangle of their ages is 525; and the sum of the squares of their ages amounts to 1066. Required to find their respective ages?

Answer, by a Private of the Menceage Volunteers, to H. Easter's Charade, inserted July 13.

YOUR parts I think will plain unfold,
The LOG-BOOK, which you may behold.

*** Similar answers have been also received from W. D. Bristol; J. Lewis, of Poole; H. Ellis, of Exeter; W. D. Champion, and J. Trood, of Bridgewater; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. Ryan, of Stonehouse; a youth of the Roborough battalion; G. A. T. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; J. Whitnell, of Street; and J. R. S. of Awliscombe.

Answer, by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to J. A. Dyer's Enigma, inserted July 13.

RED INK lines in an almanack are found,
Which will, I think, your mystic lines expound.

☞ We have received the like answer from H. Easter, of Poole; H. Ellis, of Exeter; P. I. P. R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. Trood, of Bridgewater; and a youth of the Roborough volunteers.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to R. Loosemore's Rebus, inserted July 20.

A CATACOMB, in ancient times,
Was known full well in foreign climes.

*** We have received the like answer from J. Ryan, Stonehouse; H. Ellis, of Exeter; T. Wyatt, Tiverton; and W. D. Champion, and J. Trood, of Bridgewater.

A REBUS, *by G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton.*

A Foreign city make appear;
A town well known in Staffordshire;
A harmless bird if you select;
A well-known fruit you'll next detect;
A king of Athens next find out;
And then a beast that's strong and stout;
A foreign river then explain,
And so my last you will explain;
The initials, join'd in order right,
A well known fish will bring to light.

A REBUS, *by H. Ellis, of Exeter.*

BEHOLD yon star-bespangled sky,
That lovely, speckled hemisphere,
What beauties strike the wand'ring eye,
My grand, stupendous first is there.

And when the radiant beams of light
Tint ether with refulgent gold,
My next reflects th' enchanting sight,
A scene most beauteous to behold.

These parts transpos'd, uphold my whole,
Which soon disturbs my pleasing last,
Makes the proud waves like mountains roll,
And yield to its impetuous blast.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Epithalamium on a Lady going, at the Request of her Lover, a considerable Distance, by Sea, to meet him, and be married.

IN the bark of hopeful love,
Go, vent'rous nymph, and may you prove
No perils on the stormy main,
And safe to port return again.
Take her, Neptune, to your care,
In soft peace to yonder shore;
Unaffected by the way,
Safely waft her o'er the sea:
Anger'd winds! be ye serene:
Now the wish'd for port is seen.
Delights on each in silence steal,
Mutual are the joys they feel:
Angel spirits! wreaths entwine,
Rise, and haste to Hymen's shrine;
Youthful wishes here unite,
Rejoice, and aid each nuptial rite;
Utmost bliss on them bestow;
Now with rose-buds crown each brow:
Daily may their joys increase,
Ever flow in perfect peace:
Let sportive Cupids smile to see
Love's mystic joys of unity.

Dock, Devon.

GOODRICH CASTLE.

HIGH o'er the pines that, with their dark'ning shade,
Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears
Its crumbling ruins; still its tow'ry head
A warlike mien, a sullen grandeur wears.

So midst the snow of age, a boastful air
Still on the war-worn veteran's brow attends;
Still his "shrunk shanks" his youthful prime declare,
Tho' trembling feebly o'er the crutch he bends.

Wild round the gates the dusky ivy creeps,
Where oft the knights the beauteous dames have led,
And all around in solemn silence sleeps,
Save where the thistle shakes its downy head.

Twas here our sires* exulting from the fight,
In helm and hauberk arm'd, march'd o'er the plain,
Eying their rescued fields in proud delight,
Now lost to them! and view'd by me with pain.

This bank, this river, and this wind-swept hill,
My native valley to my mem'ry bring;
Where erst I strayed, a stranger yet to ill,
And youthful fancy woo'd the young-ey'd spring.

Scenes

* The seat of the Talbot family.

Scenes of my youthful griefs and youthful joys!
Big with remembrance sad my heart o'erflows;
Bids each endearment, fair as once, to rise
And dwells, unwisely dwells, on distant woes.

And yet I feel the pleasures most sublime,
The glow of friendship and the virtuous tear,
The tow'ring wish that scorns the bounds of time,
And bids the soul outstretch this earthly sphere.

To fan this spark of heaven, this ray divine,
Still, Oh my soul! be thine the dear employ;
Still thus to wander thro' the shades be thine,
And swells thy breast with visionary joy.

So to the dark brown wood, or sacred mount,
In ancient days the holy seers retir'd;
And, led in vision, drank the inspiring fount,
While rising extacies their bosoms fir'd.

Tho' fainter raptures my cold breast inspire,
Yet let me oft frequent the solemn scene,
Oft to the abbey's shatter'd wall retire,
While dimly gleams the silver moon between.

What tho' on Wye's meand'ring banks I stray,
"Alone, unfriended, melancholy, slow,"
To happier realms fond fancy wings her way,
And leaves, or strives to leave, her cares below.

SOLIVAGUS.

On a Lady, who always ate most *when she was* most *afflicted.*

"GRIEF is the pensive mind's repast;"
We hear the weeping muse exclaim;
And scripture tells the sackcloth fast
In days of yore—was sorrow's claim.

Our modern fair—how oddly chang'd!
So hungry by affliction made,
That appetite is not derang'd
Tho' dearest friends in earth are laid.

Derang'd—ah no!—but keener grows
By ev'ry death most dear to love;
And in proportion to the woes
The cravings most insatiate prove.

The matron thus by sorrow stricken—
When dead her son or daughter lies,
Will eat a pheasant, or a chicken;
A turkey—when her husband dies.

JEALOUSY.

WHY doubt my truth? Be you the same
That now so warmly I admire;
I cannot feel a wavering flame,
While you, unchang'd, my heart inspire.

Hush'd every fear, in love repose;
Still to my vows be not unjust;
Suspicion breeds her fancied woes:
They suffer most, who most mistrust.